

try to persuade me, Tom. I'd like well enough to go, but a promise's a promise, you know."

"All right. I don't want to get you into trouble, Pete, but it's more'n I could do to stay at home, with the good times going on at Crossings, and it only coming once in a lifetime." And Tom swung on his way, mumuring to himself, "There's more backbone to quiet Peter Blundell than anybody'd think."

After Tom had gone, the time seemed longer than ever to the one waiting, and at last he turned and entered the kitchen. Dropping into a chair, he laid his arms upon the table and resting his head upon them, said to himself,—

"If I couldn't do a thing cheerfully, Peter Blundell, and not think I was giving up so much, I wouldn't do it at all. How many times have your father and mother had to give up for you? and yet you can't make this sacrifice for them without feeling as if you were doing more than your share." For a few moments longer the boy remained quietly thinking, and then with a resolute expression in his brown eyes, he said, as he stood and crossed to the kitchen door: "There, that's all over, and I wouldn't have mother know for the world how I fretted after she had gone. She shan't know either, and the next time she and father want me to be a help to them, I'll try and do it more cheerful-like. When a boy's got a good mother like mine, he needs to be good to her." And then, as there flashed to Peter's mind the many times he had troubled that mother by a grumbling compliance with a request, or a sulky manner, he added, "And I will be good to her—I will."

Peter did try after that, and with every victory was given greater strength for the next time. And his mother, looking proudly at him one day as he, unasked, carried in the water for supper, said gently,—

"You are a good son to me, Peter." And Peter replied, as a steadfast look shone in his eyes,—

"That's what I'm trying to be: a boy needs to be good to his mother when he has such a one as I have."

Discovered through a Child.

When Sir Humphry Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement:

"Humphry, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together."

Humphry was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head, and said,—

"I do not know, dear. Let us see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out why."

Humphry soon found that the little girl was right; the pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he sat to work to find out the reason, and after some time, thanks to the observing powers of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done, Humphry Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane, and grass has an outer skin of flinty stuff, which protects the inside from insects, and also helps the frail-looking leaves to stand upright.

Talking about children helping in discoveries, reminds us of another pretty tale.

In 1867, some children were playing near the Orange River, in Africa. They picked up a stone which they thought was only a very pretty pebble, far prettier than any they had found before.

A neighbor, seeing this stone, offered to buy it for a mere trifle. He, in his turn, sold it to someone else; and so the pebble changed hands, till at last it reached the governor of the colony, who paid two thousand five hundred dollars for it. This stone which the children had found was the first of the African diamonds.

An Argument.

"But, mamma," said Minnie, looking grave but determined. "I shall have to wear this dress, because my only other white one that is clean is too tight for anything; it hurts me so that I can hardly breathe."

"I'm sorry, daughter," the mother said, with equally determined face; "but you surely see that such a delicate muslin as that you have on is not suitable to wear to a lawn party. It will tear as easily as lace."

"But I've got to wear it, you see," said Minnie, with a touch of impatience in her voice. "You don't want me to wear tight clothes, you know."

"And what reason have you found for wearing that broad, blue sash?"

"Well, mamma, you know it is my only one that matches nicely with this dress and these stockings, and things ought to match."

"Yes; and why must the stockings be worn?"

"Oh, well," said Minnie, catching an end of the sash and twisting it, "I suppose I could wear other stockings, but I thought with my nice new slippers these would look the prettiest, and I didn't think you would care."

"Does it seem to you that 'nice new slippers' that were bought to wear only in the house, are the proper thing for lawn parties?"

"No'm; but I had to put them on. My boots have the ugliest great nails sticking into my toes; I could hardly walk around last night: so, of course, I had to put on the slippers."

Very grave looked the mother. It was a sad fact that she had never heard of the dress that was too tight, or the fearful nails in the high-buttoned kid boots, until this moment. Could it be possible that her little daughter was tempted, by her desire to appear in her fine new clothes at the party, to speak not quite the truth? She sat thinking for a full minute before she decided that her child needed a severe lesson.

"Minnie," she said; and the little girl knew that when her mother spoke in that tone, and called her by her full name, there was no more chance for argument, "you cannot wear that dress, and that sash, and those slippers and stockings, to the lawn party."

Now it was Minnie's turn to consider. She looked down and fitted the toes of her slippers most carefully into a figure of the carpet.

"Well," she said at last, drawing a long sigh, and looking as though the sorrows of life sat heavy upon her heart, "I suppose I can go and change my things; but I shall be very late. It is time to go now."

"Yes," said the mother, her face very sad, "you may change all your things. Put on the calico that you wore this morning, and your every-day boots."

"Mamma!" gasped Minnie, "don't you mean to let me go to the party?"

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SESSION 1893-4.

The Calendar for the Session 1893-4
contains information respecting conditions
of entrance, course of study, degrees, etc.,
in the several Faculties and Departments
of the University, as follows:

FACULTY OF LAW. (Opening September 4th.)

FACULTY OF MEDICINE. (October 2nd.)

FACULTY OF ARTS, OR ACADEMICAL FACULTY.
Including the Donalds Special Course for Women.
(September 14th.)

FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE. Including Depart-
ments of Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineer-
ing, Mining Engineering, Electrical Engineering
and Practical Chemistry. (September 16th.)

FACULTY OF COMPARATIVE MEDICINE AND VET-
ERINARY SCIENCE. (October 1st.)

McGILL NORMAL SCHOOL. (September 1st.)

Copies of the Calendar may be obtain-
ed on application to the undersigned.

J. W. BRAKENRIDGE, B.C.L.,
Acting Secretary.
Address—McGill College.

"There is nothing for you to wear,
my daughter. I suppose you would
not like to go in your every-day clothes
and you say your other white dress is
too tight, and the nails in your kid
boots hurt your feet. So, of course,
you will have to stay home. If I had
heard of this before, I could have alter-
ed the dress and had the boots put in
order; but you know you have never
said anything about it before."

Then was Minnie's face very red.
"I can wear them, mamma," she said,
turning away. "They are not very
comfortable, but I can stand it."

"No, daughter, I cannot allow you
to 'stand it.' You know I do not
wish you to dress so you can 'hardly
breathe,' nor wear shoes in which you
can 'hardly walk around.' I see no-
thing for you but to remain at home."

Poor little Minnie! It was a hard
lesson. She went to no lawn party
that afternoon; she sat on the back
piazza in her dark calico dress and
thick boots, and sobbed. She had
grown so used to making little bits of
things into great ones, when it suited
her convenience to do so, that she
actually did not realize that she was
telling what was untrue. I know some
other little people who have the same
bad habit.

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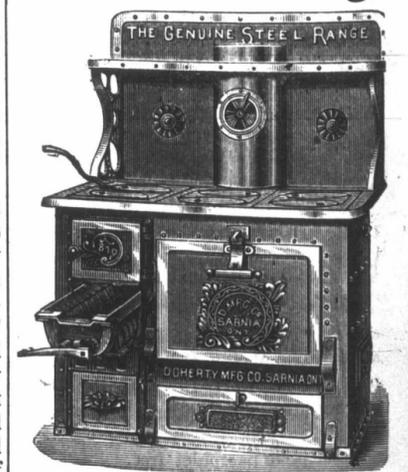
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